The Two Pageants.

THE TWO PAGEANTS.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

First Eng. Evan. Lutheran Church,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1st, 1865.

BY

CHARLES P. KRAUTH, D. D.

"He will swallow up death in victory."

PITTSBURGH:

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1865.

PITTSBURGH, June 2, 1865.

REV. C. P. KRAUTH, D. D.

Dear Sir — The Discourse pronounced by you in our Church, upon the occasion of the National Fast appointed in consequence of the sad calamity which bereft our country of so good a Ruler, seemed to those who heard it a most suitable memorial of the departed.

We express to you but a common impulse in soliciting a copy of it for publication.

Very truly, Yours,

A. LANGE, M. D.,	J. S. NEWMYER,
WM. P. WEYMAN,	C. YEAGER,
GEO. BLACK,	GEO. J. DUFF,
ED. RAHM,	C. L. GRAFF,
J. D. CARLISLE,	A. H. LANE,
WM. F. LANG,	C. MEYRAN,
WM. N. OGDEN,	SAML. A. LONG,
ANDREW GETTY,	THOS. H. LANE,
D. ARMOR,	GEO. HUBLEY.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6th, 1865.

A. LANGE, M. D., and others,

Gentlemen — I give into your hands the Discourse you so kindly request.

Believe me very truly and gratefully,

Yours,

CHARLES P. KRAUTH.

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DISCOURSE.

In that historic and beautiful city of our State, in which our National Independence spoke, in her first perfect articulation, to listening nations, the form of him to whose memory we hallow this day of mourning was surrounded with the pageant of two great occasions. On both those days, thousands thronged the streets; on both, the strains of music floated on the air; on both, the measured step of soldier and sailor fell like an audible pulse upon the ear; on both, the flag of our country was lifted above men; on both, the centre toward which every eye and every heart turned was the same. Yet how different were the days! On the first, February 21st, 1861, darkness was on the heart of the nation: our flag had been dishonored—a wild, but as yet undefined fear, had risen in the midst of national prosperity and of happiness, which had been too rapturous and intoxicating to endure, and a long, low growl, as of some couching beast of blood, was making the hearts of men grow cold. Yet on that first day the exultant shouts rang out; the time of quickening music was marked by the throbs it stirred in the bosoms of freemen; quick was the pace, bright were the countenances of men; the sunlight of hope seemed to break through the cloud and

to brighten around the forehead just bending itself to the burden; and over all, as if it felt with those who loved it, the flag of freedom floated unconfined. It was a day of joy, when there seemed so much to make us sad.

And the second day, April 22, 1865—where stood the nation then? The awful cloud had been rifted and rolled back upon itself. The doubts and anguish of four dreary years had been dispelled—the right arm of conspiracy had been broken—the tiger that couched was crouching; visions of peace, bliss, purity, freedom, unity, such as we had never enjoyed, were before us. The Red Sea whose waves of blood had lain full in our path, had opened—the nation had passed through, and looked back upon the wrecks of guilty ambition, floated up on the shores, or still whirling among the meeting waves. But the voice of praise was mute. The soft, low murmurs of sadness stirred like the whispering winds in the tops of the dark pines; the tears of strong men fell with the sad wail of music; the heavy pace told of the heavy heart; and the flag of the free drooped in its bond of black. It was a day of sadness, when there seemed so much to make us glad. A horror of great darkness had fallen upon an exultant land. Triumph walked in the train of mourners, with ashes on her head; and Peace, with Sadness by her side, wept such tears as war had never wrung from her. Over the pale form of the great Departed, Freedom and Unity had fallen, fainting in each others arms in the hour of victory. A whole nation, in the first anguish of an unspeakable loss, felt as if all that had been won, had been won at too dear a price, in the forfeit of that one precious life.

And yet it has needed but these few weeks to make that nation feel that the sickness of that awful hour was the un-

conscious injustice which impulse does to principle. What! shall we dishonor the memory of our glorious leader by dreaming that his work was so poorly done, that it lay at the mercy of an ounce of lead, a few grains of powder? Nay, more: shall we dishonor God by imagining that so sublime and rare a work of His hand as our murdered President was, could really come under the will and thrall of a diabolical malignity so aspiring, yet so crawling—that God would mould such a heart, will and energy as distinguished him, and then permit so feeble a conclusion to them all: and that the destiny of millions of bondmen, and of millions of freemen—the future of America and the future of mankind, hung not upon the Omnipotent Arm, to be shaped by its instruments, but hung upon the arm of the Devil, to be shaped by the finger of the assassin? Oh! the first pang of our hopelessness was the reaction of an unconscious atheism against an unconscious idolatry. The nation had risen to such an enthusiasm, so fond, deep, tender, for the gentle, noble, self-sacrificing and unshakable spirit who had led them out of the abyss of war to the heaven of opening peace and of the hopeful future, that we needed to have our eyes lifted. The person of great leaders is often the peril of their principles—the human race are all in instinct idolaters. The idol-breaker himself becomes the idol: the brazen serpent, which is but the symbol of divine mercy, becomes the object of worship — though made to lead men to God, it leads them away; and the hammer with which the brazen serpent is broken up is sure to absorb the worship of the thing it broke, if men are trusted with it. The people of the living God, of old, could not be trusted with the body of him who shaped them, in the faith of the one Eternal Spirit. His body must

be placed where no human eyes shall behold it—lest Moses shall undo the work of Moses, and the shrine of his ashes be the centre of the idolatry he abhorred.

How came it that this intense national affection gathered around this man? for it was all grown between the pageants. No man ever took the Presidential chair with less personal devotion, less enthusiasm, clustering around him. No man was ever chosen President of the United States so coldly on mere principle. He went into power not on the wave of popular enthusiasm, as did Jackson and Taylor; not on the simple uplifting prompted by gratitude for great services, as did Washington; not by the well-defined, compacted party organization by which most of our Presidents have gone in. He was little known to the nation, little known to the masses of his own party—and beyond one or two great moral postulates, his party hardly knew its own landmarks. He was chosen neither because the nation knew him, nor because he knew himself, but because God knew him. The majority of the people were opposed to his election. As every one now sees that the providence of God was the cause of his election, so all have long seen that the political enemies of Abraham Lincoln were the occasion of it. And this is a noticeable element in the providence of this man of Providence, that as in the case of no other President, his enemies did for him what he could not do for himself, and what his friends could never have done. His enemies elected him by dividing their own strength—but when elected, he was helpless. A majority of the people was against him; a majority of the House of Representatives was against him; a majority of the Senate was against him; a majority was against him in the Supreme Court; a majority of the officers in the army and navy was

against him. Many who were destined by their genius and patriotism to shed lustre upon his administration, in the field and in the cabinet, were among his most earnest opponents. For all he could do, and his friends could do, he would have been forced to be a puppet of state, to go through four absurd years with the mere motions of rule—hardly with its motions. Who gave his administration its commanding position, and enabled it to do in four years what the sanguine had supposed would require centuries, what the doubting had believed never could be done? The reply is, that the work was begun by his enemies, our country's enemies, the enemies of freedom. They in their malice so cunning, yet so narrow, wrought his glory, in seeking his shame; wrought redemption to the land they wished to destroy. They broke his fetters, in trying to strengthen the fetters of the slave; and in attempting the murder of their country, committed suicide with the weapons they had prepared for parricide.

But a great man can be made neither by enemies nor by friends: his enemies may open the occasion, his friends may give the opportunity, but God helping him, his greatness must be wrought out by himself. Between the untried Abraham Lincoln of the first pageant, and the well-tried and nobly vindicated Abraham Lincoln whose ashes were borne in the second, there seems to be a wonderful chasm. In the brief time between them, a man of the West was to be made the man of a continent—nay, a man to fix and justify the gaze of the world; a lawyer was to be elevated into an investigator, interpreter and defender of the Constitution; a politician, honest, wise and good, yet dwarfed and narrowed of necessity in the limitations of his sphere, was to be shaped into a statesman; and a man pre-eminent even in times of peace in

the spirit of peace was to be fitted for judgment and action in the vastest combinations in the whole history of human warfare. Simple, homely, rugged, self-depreciating, he was to play the first part in the greatest drama of modern history. He so performed that part that before his decisions the destiny of the race seemed to pause; before the conflict, in which he was the very embodiment and representative of truth, freedom, right, and the great future of men, Czar, Emperor and Kings stood in suspense. Selfishness, appalled, dared not do the thing it would, and crawled in furtiveness to ignominy. The nations moved cautiously, as if oppressed with the feeling that their future was bound up in ours. And they wisely judged. Ours has been a great turning point of time—our land the Thermopylæ for this battle of mankind. Not to have been utterly disgraced as leader of the race, in such a crisis, would be no common glory; but Mr. Lincoln rose out of all mere negation into the positive grandeur of a great nature, fitting a great time. The whole world that wondered, now admires; and from across the wide Atlantic, with the sympathetic tears of the nations comes this confession, that our crisis has been theirs, that the race is born again to hope of free life, and that humanity, broad as all continents, and all islands, and enduring as all time, owes more to Abraham Lincoln than to any other man of his generation.

We do not forget how much Mr. Lincoln owed, and how much the world owes, to the true heart of the people, which, when the veil was taken away, hoped, trusted, and was firm with his. Yet the many always hang upon the few. It is by the true reformer, confessor, general, teacher, statesman, that the world moves. Do we not know that it was easier to find hundreds of thousands of noble soldiers, than to find one

general—and without a general, whither would the magnificent resources of our country, and her wonderful armies, have taken us? Only to an all-engulfing ruin. And with our great cause, and our great people, whither would we have drifted in this war, without a civil leader? Whither had we drifted when men considered among the truest of the true were ready to give up all in despair? Whither, but for a true leader—and of all men thought of for leaders, who would have been to us what Abraham Lincoln has been?

The nation, aroused, regenerated and saved, gave its grateful response to this question. With the first term of Mr. Lincoln's administration had been connected fearful sacrifices, enormous expenditure of treasure and of life; there was hardly a hearth through the land to which sorrow had not come; and yet, when the second canvas came, the cold acquiescence of the first, in which the principle at stake barely held up the man—and with the large part of the people did not hold him up—had yielded to an intense enthusiasm of the whole nation, had given way to a popularity in which the man upheld and glorified the principle. In the first canvas, Mr. Lincoln recieved 1,857,610 votes, and 2,804,560 were cast against him. In the second canvas, 1,811,754 votes were cast against him, and 2,223,035 were cast for him. The vote for him in the first, and against him in the last, in round numbers was about the same. The numbers had changed from a minority to a majority; a majority of nearly half a million.

The reasons of this vast change are manifold, but among the mightiest of them are to be put the character which Mr. Lincoln had revealed as a man and a ruler, and the great services he had done. He had shown himself one of the people. He understood them, and they understood him. He

had shown that he had a heart, and that it was with the many; and the many gave him back love for love. The integrity, simplicity, openness, which had marked him as a private citizen, did not forsake him in his august position. Clear in his conviction of principle, he was a model of firmness when his decision was made, as he was of unaffected deference and modesty in the use of good counselors; and what he saw should be done, he did with an ability so calm, even and undemonstrative, that men found it almost impossible to appreciate it. "One thunderstorm makes more noise in the world than is made by the sunshine of ages." The exquisite directness and simplicity which spring only from true profundity, prevented men from seeing his depth. The slightest dash of the charlatan, the faintest concession to the spirit which wishes to have the kingdom of heaven come with at least a little observation, would have helped many a man earlier to see how wise and great a man God had given us for this perilous time. A little of Cicero's self-consciousness and self-assertion would have made the less thoughtful sooner acquainted with Mr. Lincoln's grandeur of character. But his noble earnestness was too hearty for display. He confessed his mistakes with a charming frankness, but had nothing to say of his successes. He was not a man who walked invisibly, and dwelt in labyrinths, and loved silence for its own sake; and yet he was a man whose language carried more weight than ancient oracles. He comprehended not his own depth. It was great in him that he never imagined himself great. The cause of the negro, and the common cause of the poor white, made the negro and the poor man greater in their cause, in his eyes, than he seemed to himself in the chair of chief ruler of a great people. He was firm, not

because of that imposing self-reliance, that grand egotism which has made some great men firm. He was not the man to say, *Cæsarem vehis*. He had no star of destiny. He was like Luther, sure because his cause was of God: outside of his cause he looked upon himself as nothing, and was firm simply because of his clear moral perception, and his invincible loyalty to right and truth.

In the true sense, Abraham Lincoln was gloriously a man of one idea. The man who has more than one idea, has false ideas, or holds the truth in unrighteousness. The man who lives for more than one idea, lives in vain. Abraham Lincoln had but one fundamental principle—one grand idea, in statesmanship. This was the thread of his life. That principle is, The absolute right of the right. He asked only, What is right? and that question answered, he knew no second one; and planted on this principle he could not give up. Disaster changes policy, but it cannot change right. The issue of the whole contest between the Rebellion and the Constitution, hung from the beginning upon the question, Who is the more in earnest? and the solution of that question lay already in the heart of Abraham Lincoln; for however fell and fixed was the purpose of bad men to destroy this Union, the purpose of Abraham Lincoln was more fixed that they should not do it: and the reason, supreme and beyond all debate, which fixed his resolve, was not that it was impolitic, or humiliating, or painful, that the rebellion should succeed, but that it was wrong; it was not that the maintenance of the Constitution was something politic and glorious, but that it was right. Therefore was he

> "Constant as the Northern star,
> That unassailable holds on his rank
> Unshak'd of motion."

He rose out of the narrowness even of that selfish and criminal nationalism which arrogates to itself the name of patriotism. He had something sublimer than the motto, "My country, right or wrong." That motto suited the rebellion, with the definition it put upon it. It was the motto of Stonewall Jackson and of Lee, who waived the question of right, and in the name of what they called their country, fought against their country—for the wrong against the right. That motto did not suit Abraham Lincoln. His motto was: My country, because she is right; freedom, because it is right; the Union, the Constitution, the laws, because they are right.

With his conviction of the right went that hopefulness which is the necessary result of a genuine conviction of the right, grounded in a true perception of its nature. No man sees the right in its own essence, without feeling that it is unconquerable—that men have only to be true to it, and it will vindicate, by ultimate victory, their faith and fidelity. As if his name had gone before by prophecy, this Abraham proved himself, like the first, a faithful father of faithful sons, and "against hope believed in hope." For in the historical life of men, as in the religious, faith justifies. There is nothing which has such wear in it as a sublime trust in a good cause because it is good. Abraham Lincoln had faith in God, faith in freedom, faith in truth, faith in his country; and the victory which overcame all the deadly opposition to God, freedom, truth, and our land, was pre-eminently the victory of his faith. As there are hours of storm upon rock-bound coasts, when the arm of the sailor and the strength of the ship are nothing, and the long radiance which streams from the lighthouse is everything, so there were hours when his lone faith was more to us than all our armies.

In the immortal fellowship of the history of the world's best and greatest sons, Abraham Lincoln will come, in an extraordinary degree, into manifold comparisons and close relations. With some of the greatest, he will come into comparison with reference to his personal traits; with some, by his wonderful rise from obscurity into the earnest and admiring notice of mankind; with some, by the greatness of the services he has rendered; with some, by his dearness to the heart of his nation, and of the race; and with some, by his tragic end. In his personal traits, men will think of him with Luther in his playful unbendings amid the loved ones of the home. In the magnitude of his services in the Chair, posterity will place him by the side of Washington. As a Defender of the Constitution, his name connects itself with the names of Hamilton and Madison, of Story and Webster, and of all its illustrious framers and expounders. As the orator whose every breath was consecrated to freedom and the land of the free, men will think of him with Patrick Henry and Clay; and in his noble frankness and firmness, with Jackson. In his relations to an oppressed race, and in his efforts at emancipation by the power of a purified public sentiment, he will be conjoined with Wilberforce and the second Adams. His tragic end, by the assassin's hand, as the defender of his native land against fraud, force and conspiracy, associates him with William of Nassau; and as one who bore himself nobly in times of fraternal strife, and gave to law and right, victory in the cruel ordeal of civil war, and who, falling in the hour of triumph, dying, made his work deathless, he will be remembered with Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of our Protestant faith.

And not by sufferance nor by mere suggestion, does he

take, in some low place, his position among immortal men. Among the great of humble origin, who was more thoroughly self-made than he, and yet so absolute in all the grand elements of a rounded, self-poised well-making? Who among them all had a judgment more clear? Who was more thoroughly grounded than he, in the right? Who among them all was more distinguished by moderation, by that happy union of flexibility and firmness which makes a man yielding of preferences to secure principle, and heroically intolerant for principle over against all preferences, whether of his own or other men's, and over against all policy which assumes that it may be wise to do wrong? Who among them all met a vast responsibility with a sublimer purpose, and a more steadily growing adaptation to it than his, until he did not so much seem to represent our people as to embody and epitomize them? They made him their head, he made himself their heart; and the absolute unity of freedom surpassed the absoluteness of despotism. The world looked on astonished to see a vast country as compact as a little state, and the freest government ever established on earth, presenting that firmness, force and promptness, which freedom's friends themselves had once considered as only possible in monarchies. It was the wonderful combination of excellencies in Abraham Lincoln which made it possible, and put the forces of freedom more completely under the control of one great policy, than all the art and all the severity of the leaders of rebellion were able to secure for them over their instruments and victims. The deep of wicked cunning was too shallow for the simple-hearted, open earnestness of principle.

That this man was good, is conceded; but we, who belong to early posterity, anticipate and pronounce the verdict of its

latest generation, when we say he was great. In the grand assembly of good men which gives voice to the eternal Te Deum in the inmost court of the Great Temple, how freely may he move, acknowledged as a Prince of God among them all. He may take his place with the goodly fellowship of the prophets of freedom whose early voices anticipated its future: or with the glorious company of its apostles, who, through weariness and pain, proclaimed its evangel of deliverance to the captive, and announced the acceptable year of the Lord: among the noble army who joyously sealed with their blood the witness of their lives, he shall lift that brow on which the pang of death has left no trace, no charactery but that of the blood-red jewel of martyrdom, set amid gems of softer light.

But the greatness of Abraham Lincoln was not an inspiration—it was a development. Nothing great is made in the height of its greatness, yet that which becomes great must have the capacity of development. An oak is not made an oak; it must grow: but you can only grow it from an acorn, and its growth cannot be carried on far in a flower-pot. The ocean, and great mountains, and Niagara, great pictures, great books, and great eras, alone make men capacious of themselves. You can stretch the human soul to the oceanic on the ocean alone; and little souls, thin in the warp and woof, are torn in the stretching. Mr. Lincoln was undeveloped when the first roar of the surf of the wild and storm-tossed ocean of civil strife struck upon his ear, but he grew to the position, till his soul not alone swelled to the measure of the great deep, but passed beyond it, and apprehended that of which it had been apprehended. The happy years of peace could not fit a man for the struggles of this unexampled war.

But he came with the capacity of development—his great soul did not break in the tension. His views became larger, his grasp broader and more tenacious; his style assumed weight and solemnity; the sublimest elements of religion seemed to penetrate it more and more, till his latest words breathed the purest spirit of a higher world. His very appearance changed, his face bore the traces of the sublime struggle and great victories of his time; and posterity, when they gaze upon the mild, thoughtful, earnest, sad lineaments presented in the latest and best pictures of him, will be at a loss to account for the allusions so often made, sometimes in malice, sometimes in playfulness, by friend and foe, to the homeliness of his visage. He was a true type, even in this change, of the land he loved—great, strong, and careless of beauty, yet growing toward it in the refinings of trial. What he did was in keeping with what he was. Every faculty and grace of his ripest nature was brought in play, taxed, and tested, in his work, a work wholly unique in its grandeur and difficulty. Four words tell the issue: THAT WORK WAS DONE. He was

> "Our chief of men, who through a cloud
> Not of war only, but detraction rude,
> Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
> To peace and truth his glorious way had ploughed."

We have tried to embody our impressions of what this noble man was to his friends; but it is due to his memory that we should say what he was to his enemies. His self-control and patience were wonderful. Never was a man more sorely tested, not only by open warfare, pursued with every aggravation of malignity and baseness, but by the no less unscrupulous warfare of falsehood and partisanship. But not only was no

act of policy dictated or changed by personal feeling, but not a word was wrung from him breathing defiance or hatred. To his foes as to his friends, his course was dictated by the sacred claims of right. He made more sacrifices to do justice to his enemies than most men would make to secure it for their friends. He steadily discriminated in his judgment and acts between those who led the rebellion, and those who were seduced or forced into it; and his pleadings with both were full of a noble pathos. He held himself in check by the Constitution toward the very men who were striving to overthrow it. The blow which the world would have justified, and at length grew impatient for, he long withheld, because his heart shrunk from striking even the bad. His was a nature so remote from the sanguinary, that the blows he gave were prompted not so much by hatred of the bad, as by intense love of the good.

His heart was as tender as a woman's; and his patience was a soul of peace within him, while warfare raged around him. Human in every fibre, and humane in every pulse, he yet, in the sacred absorption of duty, seemed to be passionless. The winds and waves of rage which swept over him and the Ship of State, seemed to move him to passion no more than winds and waves move the pilot. So far as resentment was concerned, he treated men as irresponsible things. Only so that the Ship of State might be carried through her struggles, he not only cared not on what shores those wild waves might spend their fury, or in what forest those fierce winds might roar, but he cared not how they might break in deluge or tornado over himself. He was no Jonah, to murmur at forgiveness to repentant Nineveh; he required not the question, Doest thou well to be angry? He breathed the spirit of the

first Abraham, and in the noble faith that a few redeeming righteous ones might be found in the midst of corruption, pleaded against the impending vengeance.

Linked with his geniality to friends, his kindliness to foes, there was one trait of Mr. Lincoln, which has been made the object of coarse assault by his enemies, and which has often been defended by his friends rather by way of mild deprecation than of approval—we mean his abounding wit, humor and anecdote. Nothing could display a more complete ignorance of character, than to imagine that these gifts are evidences of a want of seriousness of nature. There is a humor which is the saddest thing in the world, and a mournful irony often touches what lies too deep for tears. They are often the shield of the sensitive, and the interpretation by which the benevolent render into the laughable what was meant to be malicious. Luther used them in his conflict with Papal corruption; Pascal employed them against the Jesuits; with them Addison, and Swift, and Sydney Smith, attacked moral, social and political abuses; with them the greatest novelists of our era have opened the hearts of men to humanity; the sacred writers themselves are not destitute of them. They are of God; as really divine in their nature, and as capable of sanctified use, as eloquence, poetry, or the arts. All thorough men of the people are men of anecdote. Mr. Lincoln tried to be cheerful to keep the nation in heart; tried to find some little element of the ludicrous in the conduct of his enemies, because his kind heart shrunk from looking at it without something to break the horror of its unrelieved wickedness. And how wise was his wit and his story! He hid sometimes an overwhelming body of truth in some ambush of sportiveness, and took by the strategy of an anecdote what

would have held out against the regular approach of logic. There were times when he was the saddest of all innocent men in the world, but even then he could shake off for a moment the burden in some pleasant apologue, or find relief for his uncorrupted simplicity of heart in the rich and quaint store of anecdote gathered and first enjoyed when he was not great, but very happy. In these things, and in all his kindly unreserve, he was, as in all else, ever his own true self, without evasion, affectation or pretence.

Such he was—so great in his nature, so great in his work; so firm, yet so forgiving; so true to his land, yet so gentle to its foes; so unconscious, so genial, so childlike. When we think of him in the grandeur of his mission and of his destiny, we feel as if some great orb of the heavens had been quenched. When we think of him in his tenderer traits, our eyes grow dim, as if some loved one, the "frolic and the gentle," had vanished from our own hearth, and left it all cold and bare. Never did a national loss assume more thoroughly the character of a private sorrow; in the hearts of a great people there was mourning as if death were in their own homes. He had won the profoundest respect and most devoted love of his whole land. What was there, when the full hour of the consummation of such a man had come, for God to do to crown His own work in him? There was but one thing possible which could move more deeply the enthusiasm of love for such a man. He had reached the very height of all that he could do, or that could be done, for his country. Out of the chaos of disunion and civil war wrought by slavery, he had brought us peace, unity and universal freedom. What could he do but simply touch in detail the master-piece? Our fathers had completed but the bust of the statue of Liberty. Abraham

Lincoln left it a full length. The work of the chisel was done, and it only remained to smooth and polish it. He had reached the summit of his toil and of his glory, and what was left him but to stand still, or to begin to descend? To restrain a national pride already reacting against our sore chastenings—to preserve the uniqueness of the divine conception of this wonderful history of a child of Providence—to hallow by his blood the principle for which he had lived, and to fix it forever in the heart of the people—to open the eyes of the most deluded to the true character of the demon power against which he had struggled—to melt the hatred of the prostrate yet chafing rebellion, and of its allies throughout the world—these may have been in the mind of God. A dark cloud closed for a moment around the object of the fondest gaze of millions; the flash as of a sparkle struck from some wheel of fire, burned for a moment in the eyes of the nation: cloud and sparkle vanished, and on the cold earth there lay only the mantle. He—was gone; but one convulsive sob of a whole land, stricken, astounded, heart-sick, in a loss too great, a grief too deep for comprehension, followed him in the cry: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

Gone, but not dead. Gone, but not lost. He lives in the life of that for which he lived, and is immortal in the love of those for whom he died; for life cannot die, and love is the life of the heart, most deathless of all deathless things. A living man was the honored one in the first pageant: an immortal man hallowed the second. He is not dead, but is more surely living, lifted by death beyond death's dominion; he is not silent, but is forever articulate; he is not cast down, but through all time from his throne among regal men glorified,

he will sway thought, feeling and action, not alone in the land of his birth, but in all free lands, and in all lands yearning to be free. His spirit has not vanished, his life has not passed away, as the trace of a cloud. The violent death which bowed that anxious head, has but the sooner crowned it; he is only the mightier because he lies low. His grave is at this hour the centre of more moral life, of more solemn resolve, of more assured hope, than moves around all the thrones of earth. No living man is doing or can do, for our land, or for our race, what this proto-martyr of America's full redemption, and perfect unity and abiding peace, has sealed in dying, and continues to do in death. Be then our sorrow buried in his grave. His life has lifted that of his people and of his time; his life perpetuates a nobler, better and happier life in his kind; his life throbs in the heart of a regenerate nation, and shall throb as long as that nation has a heart to beat. If the day shall come when it may be truly said that the life of Abraham Lincoln has vanished from earth, then shall the pulse of Freedom herself lie still and cold beneath the eager fingers which grope, but grope in vain, to find it.

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